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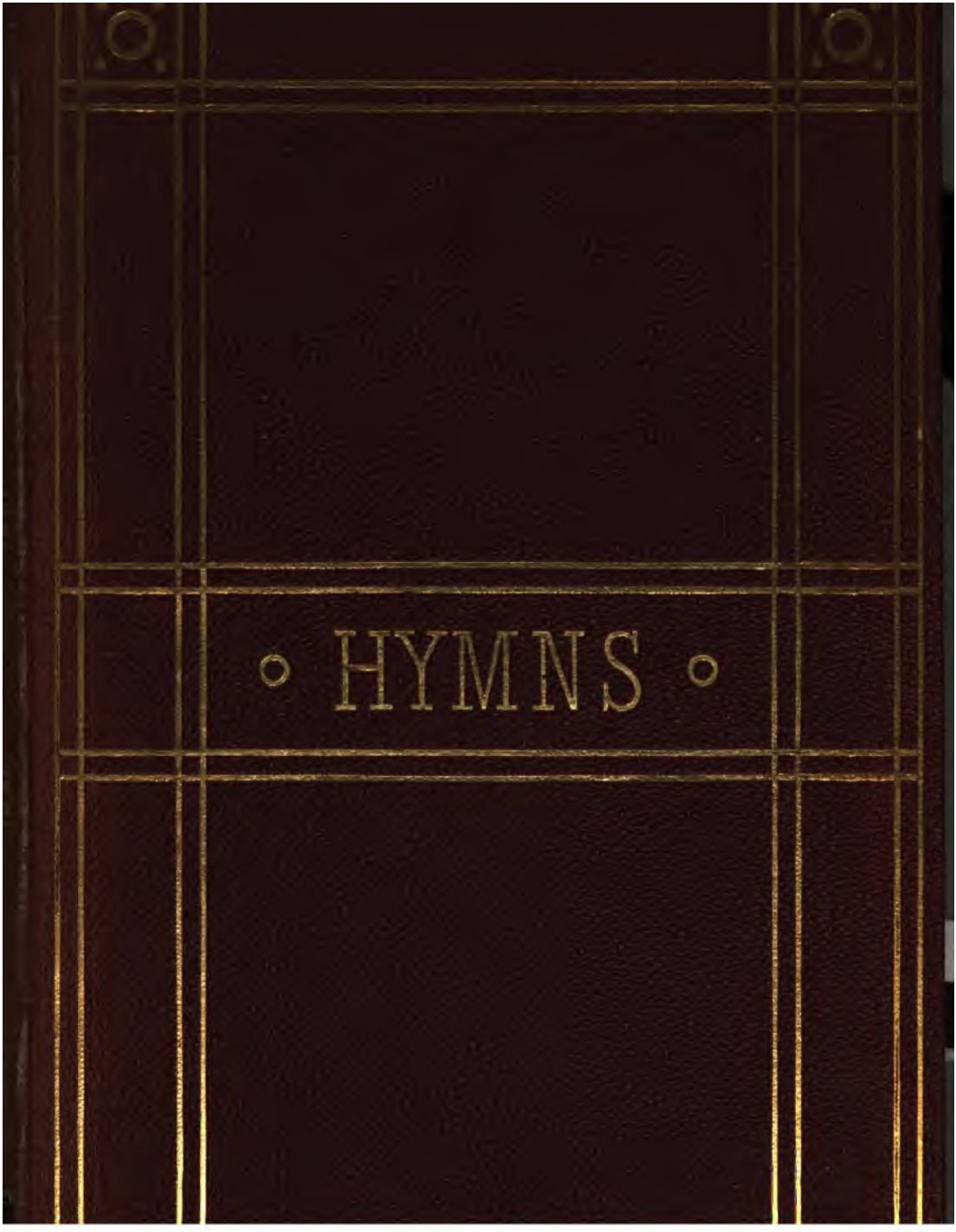
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HYMNS









Hymns

for the

Church of England.

LONDON:
Printed by *Spottiswoode & Co.* New street Square.
And sold by *Longmans, Green, & Co.* Paternoster Row.
M.DCCC.LXV.

8vo. Entered at Stationers' Hall.

147. e. 11.

EPHESIANS, v.

Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.



THE PREFACE.

THE best efforts have been used to make this book of hymns agree with the reverent and grave tone of Holy Scripture and of the Book of Common Prayer.

A few hymns of undoubted merit, the absence of which some persons may be disposed to regret, have been omitted. They seemed to require a greater amount of alteration than it was desirable to attempt, in order to harmonize them with the books which are used by authority in the Church of England.

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HYMN

I.

BRIGHTLY shines the morning star:
Pray we God his grace to give
That from sin and danger far
We the coming day may live:

That the tongue, to peace compelled,
May from sounds of strife refrain;
That the eyes, from roving held,
Seek not sights corrupt or vain;

That the heart, with pureneſs fraught,
May from folly turn aside;
And the flesh, by temperance taught,
Mortify its lusts and pride:

That when he the day shall close,
And the night succeſsive bring,
We, triumphant o'er our foes,
May our hymn of glory sing.

Evermore, O Lord, to thee,
Father, and coequal Son,
And the Spirit, glory be;
One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

HYMN

II.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking:
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come to him who made this splendour;
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended;
God has tended
With his care thy helpleſs hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth:
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame gloſsed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow
Without sorrow
Paſs away in slumber sweet;
And for ever freed from sadneſs,
Rise with gladneſs
That far brighter sun to greet.

Only God's good gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But the Spirit's voice obey:
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing,
Fairer than the fairest day.

Glory, honour, adoration,
And salvation,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise and merit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

HYMN

III.

O CHRIST, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee.

All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekneſs form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

Let grace each idle thought controul,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
Let guile depart, and envy cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Our daily course, Lord Jesus, bleſs,
Make plain the way of holineſs:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One,
Thanksgiving with sweet melody
Be now and everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
IV.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talent to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Thy conversation be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noontide clear:
Think, how all seeing God surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thine own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal king.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly quire;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you mine age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelick host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

HYMN

V.

ALL praise to thee in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling place hast made:
A glorious ocean of bright beams
From thine eternal godhead streams.

All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant that when I from death shall wake,
I may of endleſs light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all bleſsings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelick host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

HYMN

VI.

OH! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkneſs safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countleſs price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every croſs and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Shall furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One;
The Unity in Trinity,
All praise be everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

VII.

AWAKE, my love, awake, my joy,
Awake, my heart and tongue;
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call,
Break forth in grateful song.

Sweet sleep has gained the strength to me
That labour did devour:
My body was in weakneſs sown,
But it is raised in power.

For mercies manifold, blest Lord,
I thankful offering pay,
And humbly dedicate to thee
The firstfruits of the day.

Let this day praise thy holy Name,
And so let all my days:
And, oh! let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

All glory to the Three in One,
The One in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

VIII.

HOW glorious is the morning sun,
When forth in bright array
He comes his joyous course to run,
Converting night to day.

The mist, that hung the valley o'er,
Is up the mountain rolled,
While flood and forest, sea and shore,
Are radiant all with gold.

E'en so the world's redeemer Lord,
The Sun of righteousneſs,
Sheds joyful, healing rays abroad,
The heart of man to bleſs.

Sin's earth born clouds are rolled away
By his eternal might,
And they whose souls in darkneſs lay
Behold a wondrous light.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

Evening.

HYMN

IX.

BEFORE is gone the light of day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That thou with wonted love would'st keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

O let no evil dreams be near,
No terrors of the night appear;
Our ghostly enemy restrain,
Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.

Blest Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ thine only Son,
To whom for evermore, with thee
And Holy Ghost, all glory be. Amen.

HYMN

X.

AND now the day is past and gone,
We sing, O God, thy praise;
And while the night is hasting on,
Our humble prayer we raise.

The ill that we have done this day,
Incline us to deplore;
In mercy put our sin away,
And bid us sin no more.

The watchful lion prowls around
To ravish and devour:
Beneath thy wings may help be found,
To save us from his power.

When shall the day arise, O God,
That ne'er shall set in gloom?
When shall we reach the blest abode,
Where danger cannot come?

To God, adored in ages past,
The undivided Three,
To God, whose worship aye shall last,
All praise and glory be. Amen.

HYMN

XI.

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to thee:
I pray thee now, that sinleſs
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joy of day is over:
I lift my heart to thee;
And ask thee, that offenceleſs
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, make their darkneſs light,
And save me through the coming night.

The toil of day is over;
I raise the hymn to thee;
And ask, that free from peril
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And in their scorn the wicked
Triumphantly shall cry,
He could not make their darkneſs light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night.

Be thou my soul's defender,
Good Lord, for thou dost know,
Throughout the hours of darkneſs
How sleepleſs is the foe:
Thou ever wakeful, hear my prayer,
And keep me in thy mighty care. Amen.

HYMN

XII.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh! may no earth born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve;
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With bleſsings from thy boundleſs store;
Be every mourner's sleep to night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One;
The Unity in Trinity,
All praise be everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

XIII.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſsings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepleſs lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkneſs me molest.

Praise God, from whom all bleſsings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelick host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

HYMN

XIV.

O GOD, through countleſs ages king,
And wondrous in thy sovereign ways,
To thee let all thy children bring
An evening sacrifice of praise.

Great cause, most bleſsed Lord, have we
To close the day with thankful voice;
And, lifting up the heart to thee,
In thine unfailing love rejoice.

With ever thoughtful, tender care
Thou daily dost our life sustain;
Through thee redemption's grace we share,
Salvation's hope through thee we gain.

For thousand thousand mercies past,
And joy which now thy gifts afford,
And pleasures that shall ever last,
Be thou, blest Trinity, adored. Amen.

HYMN

XV.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkneſs and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
Let us in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the trumpet's sound shall wake us,
Do not thou, blest Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

Three in One, in power excelling,
Whom thrones confeſs;
Whom, above the heavens dwelling,
Dominions bleſs;
May we in the new creation
Ever joy in thy salvation,
And to thee with adoration
All praise addreſs. Amen.

HYMN
XVI.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkneſs deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpleſs, come, abide with me.

Swift to its end is ebbing life's short day,
Its joy grows dim, its glory fades away;
Change and decay on all around I see:
O thou that changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, or paſsing word,
But as thou dwellest with thy chosen, Lord;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

Thou on my head in infancy didst smile;
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
E'en to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need thy presence every fleeting hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who but thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bleſs;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterneſs:
Where, death, thy sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy croſs before my closing eyes;
Sustain my soul in death's last agonies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earthly shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

HYMN
XVII.

O SION, rise and watch,
Prepare to meet thy king;
Let all within thy gates receive
The peace he comes to bring.

His advent, long foretold,
Shall Satan's power destroy;
Make ready then, and greet his birth
With hymns of holy joy.

The uncreated Word
Incarnate thou shalt see;
In servant's form the Son draws nigh,
To make thy children free.

Now bid them cast away
The sinful works of night,
And, putting heavenly armour on,
Stand clad in robes of light.

With tender, loving care
He Israel shall feed;
Upon his bosom bear the lambs,
And those in travail lead.

All glory to thy Name,
One God in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
XVIII.

CREATOR kind of day and night,
Of faithful souls eternal light,
Christ our redeemer, Lord of all,
O hear us when on thee we call.

Thou, sorrowing at the helpleſs cry
Of all creation doomed to die,
Didst heal the languid earth's decay,
And guilty man's despair allay.

The world, with twilight overcast,
To night of death was verging fast,
When, lo, thy life restoring beam
In orient chambers bright did gleam.

O Name above all names, to thee
All things that breathe shall bow the knee;
In height, in depth, in earth, in air,
And every tongue thy reign declare.

The sun, who knows his going down,
The moon, of night the pallid crown,
The stars and light, of thee their king
With mystick voice the glory sing.

Thou who shalt come to wake the dead,
And call the world to judgment dread,
Keep us, while life shall last, from ill,
And be our loving Saviour still.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One;
The Unity in Trinity,
All praise be everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
XIX.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, our prophet, priest, and king,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

On thee in Sion's hallowed gate
Our praise and supplications wait;
We, met together in thy Name,
The fulneſs of thy bleſsing claim.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

For ever in our cleansed breast
Let the eternal Spirit rest;
And make our inmost soul to be
A temple pure, and meet for thee.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

So in the last, the awful day,
When heaven and earth shall paſs away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!
Amen.

HYMN
XX.

LO, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for guilty sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Alleluia!
Christ shall take his power and reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſsiah see.

Still the tokens of his paſsion
See his dazzling body bear,
Cause of endleſs exultation
To each ransomed worshipper:
Here our refuge,
And our bliſsful vision there.

Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous judgment known:
O come quickly;
Seal for evermore thine own. Amen.

HYMN
XXI.

DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!
See the Son's dread sign returning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth:
All before the throne it bringeth.

Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all has been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

Think, blest Jesus, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the croſs of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous judge, for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O Lord, thy suppliant groaning. Amen.

HYMN

XXII.

BEHOLD the Son of man appear,
His power and might revealing;
The voice of the archangel hear,
To earth's far corners pealing:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
From land and sea a countleſs store;
The quick are called to meet him.

The holy angel host attend,
Their lord and king surrounding:
The saints which slept in Christ ascend,
In bliſsful peace abounding;
No gloomy thoughts their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On all prepared to meet him.

But unbelievers, filled with fears,
Remorse their hearts aſsailing,
Come forth to learn that now their tears
And cries are unavailing:
Shame and contempt upon their head,
The righteous judge they justly dread;
With trembling they shall meet him.

Thanksgiving, Lord, to thee we raise,
True faith and hope profeſsing;
Thou art our God, and thee we praise,
Unfeigned love expreſsing:
Thou art our blest redeemer Lord,
Our great exceeding sure reward,
Our crown and high rejoicing. Amen.

HYMN

XXIII.

WHEN mighty blasts shall rend the deep,
And from the womb of earth
Shall call the myriad souls that sleep
To resurrection's birth;

When Christ shall make the clouds his seat,
And ride on wings of air;
When quick and dead, their judge to meet,
Shall to his throne repair;

Repentance then will be too late,
The cry for pardon vain;
For ever shut the mercy gate,
And sin's just doom remain.

Prepare, prepare us, gracious God,
Let now our hearts begin
To feel thy loving, chastening rod
Correcting all our sin.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

XXIV.

OUR king, in clouds of light,
With bright angelick train,
Shall come, and all his saints unite
With him in bliſs to reign.

Then let us ready stand,
For his appearing wait;
Have no ungodly work in hand,
And deeds of darkneſs hate.

Thrice happy all shall be,
Who thus are watchful found;
His face they shall with gladneſs see,
And be with honour crowned.

All glory to thy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
XXV.

THE days are very evil,
The time is waxing late;
The bridegroom is returning;
The judge is at the gate:

The judge who comes in mercy,
The judge who comes in might,
To make an end of evil,
And vindicate the right.

Then watch we and be sober,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladneſs lead:

For when the Son triumphant
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before;

When sinners from the righteous,
The fall'n from them that stand,
And from the sheep the goat flock
Shall part on either hand;

Then glory never fading
Shall scatter night away:
The sons of God shall welcome
An everlasting day.

All glory to the Father,
All glory to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Through endleſs ages one. Amen.

HYMN
XXVI.

HARK! joyful sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart be melody,
And every voice be song.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage sealed;
The gates of braſs before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the wounded soul to heal,
The broken heart to bind;
And with the riches of his grace
To bleſs the lowly mind.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim;
And every knee in worship bow
To thy most holy Name.

All glory to the Three in One,
The One in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
XXVII.

THE mountain of the Lord's abode
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

The beam that shines from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the earth command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall the meek defend,
And quell the scorner's pride.

No strife shall rage, no deadly feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruninghooks their spears.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in his glorious light,
With holy beauty shine.

All praise, one God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, to thee,
As in the ages gone, is now,
And shall for ever be. Amen.

HYMN

XXVIII.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
When amid the wakeful fold
Tidings good the angel told.

Now a solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bleſs
Christ, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

While resounds the joyful cry,
Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men;
Gladly we respond, Amen.

Thus we greet this happy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell with saintly mirth
Of Emmanuel's wondrous birth.

Glory, praise, and honour be,
Lord, for evermore to thee,
Father, and coequal Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

HYMN

XXIX.

WHILE shepherds watched their flock by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he; for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign:

The holy babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the herald, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addreſsed their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease. Amen.

HYMN XXX.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the heavenly king,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild:
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelick host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem:
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the heavenly king.

Christ, in highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Vailed in flesh the godhead see,
Hail incarnate deity:
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel:
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the heavenly king.

Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousneſs:
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Meek he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth:
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the heavenly king. Amen.

HYMN

XXXI.

WITH songs of praise we wake the festal morn
On which the Saviour of the world was born,
And sing the mystery of heavenly love
By holy angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God made man, the bleſsed virgin's son.

To humble shepherds, watchful o'er their fold,
This word by glorious herald's voice was told;
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the families of earth;
This day has God fulfill'd his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

He spake; and straightway the celestial quire
In hymn of sweetest harmony conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with allcluias rang:
To God on high be glory, sang they still,
And on the earth be peace, to men good will.

To Bethlehem the faithful shepherds ran,
To see the favour God had wrought for man;
Then, praising him, they to their flock return,
While fervently their hearts within them burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's fame.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
The wondrous love of God to lost mankind;
And trace we from the manger to the croſs
The Word made flesh who has retrieved our loſs;
Tread in his steps, enabled by his grace,
Until our first estate again take place.

Then may we hope amid the ransomed throng
To raise aloft a glad triumphant song:
He that was born upon this happy day
In perfect beauty shall himself display;
Saved by his tender mercy we shall sing
High praise and glory to the eternal king.

Amen.

HYMN

XXXII.

ASSEMBLE, ye faithful,
Haste with exultation
And gladneſs of heart unto Bethlehem;
Raise your hosannas,
Greeting Christ the Saviour:
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

True God, uncreated,
Infinite, eternal,
Behold, he abhorred not the virgin's womb;
Into the godhead
Taking very manhood:
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

Let now, alleluias
Angels and archangels
Throughout the celestial mansions sing;
Glory to God, be
Chanted in the highest:
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

To thee, holy Jesus,
Born at this good season,
Thou Word of the Father for us made flesh,
Bleſsing and honour
Give we by the Spirit:
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.
Amen.

HYMN XXXIII.

OF the Father sole begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the first, the ending he
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that time to come shall see:
Ever and for evermore:

Oh that birth for ever bleſsed,
When the virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Saviour of our race;
And the babe, the world's redeemer,
First revealed his sacred face:
Ever and for evermore.

Let the heaven sing psalms, adoring,
Psalms let all the angels sing;
Powers and virtues wheresoever,
Magnify the new born king;
None of all the tongues be silent,
Joyfully all voices ring:
Ever and for evermore.

To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Undivided Trinity,
Praise unwearied, high thanksgiving
With the voice of melody,
Honour, glory, strength, and wisdom,
As in ages past, now be:
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

HYMN
XXXIV.

LIFT high the festal canticle,
Pour forth the joyful strain,
Extolling him who evermore
On Sion's hill shall reign.

Exalt the mighty Saviour's name,
Of Jeſse's stem the rod;
The wonderful, the counsellor,
The everlasting God.

With all the heavenly company
Let Salem's people raise
To David's son, and David's lord,
Triumphant songs of praise.

The dew of his most holy birth
Is of the morning hour;
He comes e'en like the glorious sun,
Arrayed in living power.

His government and sovereignty
Shall more and more increase:
His throne, now set in righteousneſs,
Shall give all nations peace.

All glory to the Three in One,
The One in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

Saint Stephen's day.

HYMN

XXXV.

THE Son of man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his croſs below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his master in the sky,
And called on him to save;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And braved the croſs and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
In trust with him to reign:
To us, O God, may grace be given
To follow in their train.

The kingdom, power, and victory,
Are thine for ever, Lord,
Blest Trinity in Unity,
In earth and heaven adored. Amen.

Saint John the Evangelist's day.

HYMN

XXXVI.

WORD supreme, before creation
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation
To be born on earth, and die;
Well thy saints have kept their station,
Watching till thine hour drew nigh.

Now 'tis come, and faith espies thee;
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in steadfast worship eyes thee,
Thy beloved, thy latest born;
In thy glory he descries thee,
Reigning from the tree of scorn.

He upon thy bosom lying
Thy true tokens learned by heart;
And thy dearest pledge in dying,
Lord, thou didst to him impart —
Shew'dst him how, all grace supplying,
Blood and water from thee start.

He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore:
And his witneſs we receiving
Own thee Lord for evermore.

Much he asked in loving wonder
On thy bosom leaning, Lord:
In that secret place of thunder
Answer kind thou didst accord,
Wisdom for thy church to ponder
Till the day of dread award.

Lo, heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How thy judgments earthward move;
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine cups from the wrath above;
Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing,
Little children, trust and love.

Thee, the almighty king eternal,
Father of the eternal Word,
Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
Thee, of both the Breath adored,
Heaven and earth and realms infernal
Own, one glorious God and Lord.
Amen.

HYMN

XXXVII.

THERE are who mount on eagle wings
Above this earthly plain,
And of the everlasting things
A wondrous vision gain.

On pinnacle of rock they stand,
And pierce with steadfast gaze
The sun that o'er the holy land
Pours forth his quickening rays.

They see the glorious majesty
Of heaven's almighty king,
And hear the ransomed company
Their alleluias sing.

The loving and the loved Saint John
In isle of Patmos lay:
Bright revelations round him shone
On Christ's triumphant day.

On pinions strong his spirit soared
From gloom of sorrow's night,
To taste the prophet's high reward
In realms of cloudleſs light.

He saw the golden diadem
And home of peerleſs rest
Reserved in new Jerusalem
For those in Jesus blest.

To God, adored in ages past,
The undivided Three,
To God, whose worship aye shall last,
All praise and glory be. Amen.

HYMN

XXXVIII.

ALL praise to thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin
By cruel Herod's ruthleſs sword
The innocents didst win.

All praise to thee, O Lord;
For now beneath the throne
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's glorious crown.

And praise to thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that day have heard thy call,
And reached the heavenly land.

O may our hearts within,
Like theirs, be pure and bright;
May we, as free from wilful sin,
Shrink never from thy sight.

And help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify thy power,
In death to praise thy Name.

To heaven's eternal Three,
The high and lofty One,
All glory and dominion be,
While endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
XXXIX.

O DAY most dear, when first was poured
The blood of our redeemer Lord!
O bleſsed day, when first began
His suffering for sinful man!

Scarce entered on this world of woe,
His infant blood is made to flow:
A foretaste of his death he feels,
An earnest of his love reveals.

For love of us his pains begin,
The sinleſs suffers for our sin:
The law's great maker in our aid
Obedient to the law is made.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
And take whate'er offends away:
All thou forbiddest, may we shun;
All thou commandest us, be done.

Thanksgiving, praise, and glory be,
As in the ages past, to thee,
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

HYMN
XL.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy child has been;
Long named in heaven, he now must go
To take that name on him below —
JESUS, which saves from sin —

His mother kept the angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store:
The rest, by fear and love unstirred,
Unconscious of its meaning heard
The name the infant bore.

The traitor sought him by that name,
When all the murderous crew
With swords and staves against him came:
And on the croſs, the tree of shame,
That name was fixed in view.

But in his hour of glory, now,
That precious name is given
Above all names to deck his brow;
And at the name of JESUS bow
The thrones and powers of heaven.

Worthy art thou o'er us to reign,
Blest Lord, for evermore;
Thou who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should that name profane
Which seraphin adore. Amen.

HYMN
XLI.

HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In faith's attentive ear:
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fear.

It makes the broken spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul;
And to the weary rest.

Blest Name! the rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding place;
Our never failing treasury, filled
With endleſs stores of grace.

Still let its power our heart inflame,
Fanned by the Spirit's breath:
And may the musick of that Name
Refresh our soul in death.

To God, adored in ages past,
The undivided Three,
To God, whose worship aye shall last,
All praise and glory be. Amen.

HYMN

XLII.

WHAT light is this whose silvery gleam
On Salem pours its glittering stream?
What lovely star is this which brings
To Salem's gate these eastern kings?

Behold the glorious type foretold
On Peor's mountain height of old;
Behold the heaven appointed sign
Of one now born of Jacob's line.

These sages would the presence gain
Of him who shall o'er Israel reign;
Of him who shall the Gentiles bleſs
With healing floods of righteousneſs.

May all on whom the truth has shined,
The world's redeemer surely find;
And, offering gifts from choicest store,
In heart and mind his Name adore.

All praise to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
For our blest Lord's epiphany
Be now, and everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
XLIII.

HAIL, thou source of every bleſsing,
Sovereign father of mankind;
Gentiles now, the truth poſseſsing,
To thy courts admiſsion find.

Sinners all may now implore thee,
In thy church obtain a place;
All believe and all adore thee,
Praise thy Name, and taste thy grace.

Hail, thou bleſsed Son of Mary,
East and west their presents bring;
Never doubting, never weary,
Come to worship Israel's king.

So may we, with gifts appointed,
In thy temple minister;
Offering, as priests anointed,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh:

Gold, for thou art king immortal,
Incense, for thou hearest prayer,
Myrrh, for through the grave's dim portal
Thou didst paſs, our doom to share.

May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to thy praise;
Glorious realms of bliſs inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise. Amen.

HYMN

XLIV.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true and only light,
Sun of righteousneſs, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring, from on high draw near;
Day star, in our hearts appear.

Dreary is the noontide hour,
Cheerleſs summer's midday heat,
Till thou manifest thy power,
And thy beams the spirit meet;
Till thy gospel rays impart
Peace and joy to warm the heart.

On each soul with healing shine,
Pierce the clouds of sin and grief;
Fill our minds with grace divine,
Scatter wide our unbelief:
More and more thy strength display;
Hasten, Lord, the perfect day. Amen.

HYMN

XLV.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppreſsion,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgreſsion,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousneſs, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall bow down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
As far as eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

Prayer shall to him unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The dew of heaven shall nourish
A seed, in weakneſs sown,
Whose fruit shall spread, and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All bleſsing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

Amen.

HYMN

XLVI.

HOW beautiful the feet that bring
The gladsome tidings here:
What gracious meſsengers of peace
To our blest eyes appear!

These are the stars that God appoints
To guide the wise in heart;
To lead them unto Bethlehem,
To bear with Christ their part.

These are the Lord's ambaſsadors,
By whom his mind we know:
His angels in the nether heaven,
His heralds here below.

Baptized by them, the souls arise
That did in Adam die;
And, fed by them with bread from heaven,
Are trained for rest on high.

Thy servants speak, Lord, but thou dost
The hearing ear bestow:
They smite the rock, but only thou
Canst make the waters flow.

They shoot the arrow, but thy skill
Must bring the arrow home:
They seek, but thy love must compel
The erring ones to come.

Thou, Lord, art in them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray;
The twelve bright banners march before,
And shew us Canaan's way.

All glory to the Three in One,
The One in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

XLVII.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindneſs
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindneſs
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Have learnt Meſsiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spread from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, king, creator,
In bliſs return to reign. Amen.

HYMN

XLVIII.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to shew,
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the maker's love,
Wherewith encompaſsed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
And all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat,
Perform their courses still.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelick songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundleſs power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
The Spirit's viewleſs way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystick heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where.

To God, adored in ages past,
The undivided Three,
To God, whose worship aye shall last,
All praise and glory be. Amen.

HYMN

XLIX.

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before he filled the fountains
That feed the running rills;
Brought forth from everlasting,
I wisdom dwelt with him;
In joyance never wasting,
In brightneſs never dim.

When like a vaulted dwelling
He spread the sky abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus holy words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race:
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were hung above;
In goodneſs thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

All glory to the Father,
All glory to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One:
To him above the heavens
Enthroned in majesty,
And to the Lamb all honour
Be everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

L.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim!
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

All laud and honour be to him
Whom quires of vailed seraphim
Above the throne alternate sing,
The mighty God, the sovereign King;
Who was, and is, and still shall be;
Coequal, coeternal Three:
From rising unto setting sun
His Name be praised, his will be done.

Amen.

HYMN

LI.

O LORD our God, eternal fount
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Send down thy wonder working gift
Of faith in things above.

Incline us perfectly to trust
In that most holy Name,
On which for ever present help
Faith grounds her steadfast claim.

For its dear sake enable us
To run our heavenward race:
And let no earth born unbelief
Our hope in Christ efface.

All glory to the Three in One,
The One in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

LII.

TO thee, O Christ, our hearts aspire,
To know thy love we humbly aim;
We seek with glow of hallowed fire,
And still in seeking fan the flame.

We cannot speak of thee aright,
And yet we dare not silent be;
Faith bids us take the lofty flight,
And raise a thankful hymn to thee.

Thy love, which shall unchanged abide,
Rich nurture to our spirit gives:
Its honeyed waters onward glide,
With sweetneſs filling all that lives.

Who taste of thee no want shall know,
Who drink of thee shall thirst no more;
The faithful soul in grace shall grow
Through thee who didst our life restore.

Lord Jesus, now our gladneſs be,
On earth to us thy peace afford;
And let our eyes thy beauty see,
Where thou art evermore adored.

All power and glory, as is meet,
To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O holy Paraclete;
One God while endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN

LIII.

WHENCE shall my tears begin?
What firstfruits shall I bear
Of godly sorrow for my sin?
Or how my woes declare?
Oh thou, the merciful and gracious one,
Forgive me all the evil I have done.

With Adam I have vied,
Surpaſsed him in my fall;
And I am naked now, by pride
And lust made bare of all;
Of thee, O God, and the celestial band,
And all the glory of the promised land.

If his most righteous doom,
Because he dared transgreſs
Thy one decree, lost Eden's bloom
And Eden's lovelineſs;
What recompense, O Lord, must I expect,
Who all my life thy holy laws neglect?

By mine own act, like Cain,
A murderer I am made;
By mine own act my soul is slain,
When thou art disobeyed;
While fleshly lusts are quickened, warring still
Against the soul with many a deed of ill.

I lie before thy door,
O turn me not away;
Nor in mine old age give me o'er
To Satan for a prey:
But ere the end of life and term of grace,
Thou pitiful, my trespaſses efface.

Thou spotleſs Lamb divine,
Who takest sins away,
Remove far off the load that mine
Upon my conscience lay;
And, of thy tender mercy, grant thou me
The full remiſsion of iniquity. Amen.

HYMN

LIV.

THE deep of many a former sin
Flows over me, and shuts me in:
Like billows my transgreſsions roll;
Be thou the pilot of my soul,
And to salvation's harbour bring,
Thou Saviour and thou glorious King.

My goodly heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin diffused;
To want, and shame, and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitleſs thought,
I call to thee who lovest men,
O pity and receive again.

With the blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for thy mercy's sake:
With the poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O God most high:
With the lost prodigal I fain
My father's presence would regain.

Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer:
O thou who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with thy boundleſs grace.

All glory, praise, and honour be,
As in the ages past, to thee,
The Father, and coequal Son
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One,
The Unity in Trinity,
Both now and everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
LV.

CHRIST comes; and who shall stand before
his fear?
Who bide his presence, when he draweth near?
My soul, my soul, prepare
To stand before him there.

Haste, weep, be reconciled to him before
The fearful judgment knocketh at the door;
And in the judge's eyes
All bare and naked lies.

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy, Lord, I cry,
When with thine angels thou appear'st on high;
And each a doom inherits
According to his merits.

How can I bear thine anger, righteous Lord,
I that so often have transgreſsed thy word?
But put my sins away,
And spare me in that day.

O miserable soul, return, repent,
Ere earthly converse end, and life be spent:
Ere, time for penance o'er,
The bridegroom close the door.

Three persons, infinite and uncreate,
On whom our praise and supplications wait,
Save us, O Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever one. Amen.

HYMN

LVI.

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching thee by day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about thy way;
Stones thy pillow; earth thy bed.

May we in thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting still with instant prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain.

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should aſsail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint, nor fail.

Then shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladneſs ours shall be;
Near us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

Bleſsed Jesus, Saviour dear,
Keep us constant at thy side;
So with thee shall we appear
At the eternal easter tide. Amen.

HYMN

LVII.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up, and smite them,
Counting gain but loſs:
Smite them by the merit
Of the Saviour's croſs.

Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast:
Smite them by the virtue
Of this hallowed fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?
Christian, answer boldly,
While I live, I pray;
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne. Amen.

HYMN
LVIII.

O CHRIST, we see not yet the way
Our feet ere long may tread;
In faith we journey, day by day,
As of the Spirit led;
Not knowing what the path may be,
By which our souls shall follow thee.

Through flowery meads and verdant glades,
By waters still and clear,
Or through wild glens and dismal shades,
By torrents bleak and drear,
The narrow hidden path may be,
By which our souls shall follow thee.

What matter, whether through delight,
Or through distreſs and fear;
Mid light of day, or cloud of night,
Our course of life appear;
If step by step the path we see,
By which our souls may follow thee. Amen.

HYMN LIX.

JESUS CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour,
By thy chosen people stand;
Keep our trembling feet from falling,
Hold us by thy strong right hand:
With the bread from heaven support us,
Pilgrims in the desert land.

Let the living cloudy pillar,
Day by day, before us go;
Night by night, the darkneſs breaking,
In the fire thy presence shew:
Open wide the rocky fountain
Whence the healing waters flow.

When we tread the brink of Jordan,
Make each gloomy fear subside;
Bear us through the swelling torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
So shall we in joy and gladneſs
Evermore with thee abide. Amen.

HYMN

LX.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore:
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the gift of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
LXI.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save:

Who, when sin's most righteous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save.

Word eternal, saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child;
Captive, smitten, mocked, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

On the croſs an offering made,
In the pit of darkneſs laid,
Risen, our triumphant head,
Jesus, hear and save.

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
King of glory, hear us then:
Jesus, hear and save. Amen.

HYMN

LXII.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
He gracious is, and will not leave
The desolate to mourn:
His word calls forth the stormy wind,
And stills the raging wave;
And his right hand, though strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

The night of sorrow long has reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light;
Our God shall come, and we shall rise
With gladneſs in his sight:
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His advent like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
So shall his presence bleſs our souls,
And shed a joyful light:
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
And to the gracious Comforter,
Eternal Three in One:
To him above the heavens enthroned,
The Ancient of all days,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Be never ending praise. Amen.

HYMN
LXIII.

BLESSED Jesus, when to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
By thy painfulneſs and woe
Suffered once for us below,
Throned at God's right hand on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpleſs infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy faſting and diſtreſs
In the lonely wilderneſs;
By the dread myſterious hour
Of the subtil tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the tenderneſs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the gracious tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the mournful word that told
Treason lurked within the fold;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine agony and grief;
By thy pleading for relief;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By the scourge, the crown of thorn;
By thy croſs, thy thirst, thy cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy loud expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, heed our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

HYMN

LXIV.

HOW marvellous the burning zeal
That filled our Saviour's breast,
When, all his suffering in view,
To Salem's towers he preſsed.

Blest Lord, no tongue can duly tell
Thy love's exceeding might;
No thought can comprehend its breadth,
And length, and depth, and height.

Yet grant that we may follow thee
Along thy path of scorn;
And learn with thee to watch and pray,
With thee to weep and mourn.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
LXV.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
The multitudes, Hosanna, cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel legions of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his heavenly throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain:
Then take, O Lord, thy power, and reign.
Amen.

HYMN
LXVI.

THANKSGIVING, praise, and honour,
To thee, redeemer king,
To whom the guileleſs children
Made glad hosannas ring.

Thou art the king of Israel,
Great David's royal son
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The meek and lowly one.

Thanksgiving, praise, and honour,
To thee, redeemer king,
To whom the guileleſs children
Made glad hosannas ring.

From Salem's gate the people
With palms to meet thee went;
We too, with vow and anthem,
Ourselves to thee present.

Thanksgiving, praise, and honour,
To thee, redeemer king,
To whom the guileleſs children
Made glad hosannas ring.

Grant us to bear heaven's palm boughs
For palms of earth below,
That in thy final triumph
Our hymn to thee may flow.

Thanksgiving, praise, and honour,
To thee, redeemer king,
To whom the guileleſs children
Made glad hosannas ring. Amen.

HYMN

LXVII.

DRAW near to thy Jerusalem, O Lord,
Her faithful children cry with one accord:
Come, ride in triumph on; behold, we lay
Our carnal lusts and proud wills in thy way.

Thy road is ready, Lord; thy path, made straight,
With longing expectation seems to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! hosannas loud thy footsteps greet.

Sweet welcome to our hearts, blest Lord; for here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor;
Destroy their strength that they may never more
Profane with traffick vile the holy place,
Which thou hast chosen there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues should silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The stones themselves shall cry, and loud repeat,
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet.

Amen.

HYMN LXVIII.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God:
O thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died;
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
Mine only refuge let me make
Thy wounded side.

Behold the Lamb of God:
Into the saving flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast;
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me ever free from sin,
While life shall last.

Behold the Lamb of God:
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
O Jesus blest:
Fill me with love that never faints,
Grant me with all thy faithful saints
Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God:
Thou worthy art alone,
That standest on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
Pure light and love. Amen.

HYMN
LXIX.

JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still sustain and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Over my defenceleſs head
Cast the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

HYMN
LXX.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distreſsed?
Come to me, says one, and coming,
Be at rest.

Has he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
In his hands and feet are wound prints,
And his side.

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Paſs away.

If I find him, if I follow,
What his wages here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

Finding, following, ever keeping,
Is he sure to bleſs?
Martyrs, prophets, and apostles,
Answer, Yes.

Glory be to thee the Father,
And to thee the Son,
And to thee the Holy Spirit,
Ever one. Amen.

HYMN

LXXI.

FROM the croſs uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigned to die,
Sweet melodious sounds we hear,
Breathing on our ravished ear—
Sounds of mercy, sounds of grace,
To each child of Adam's race.

Bleſsed Jesus, draw thou near,
Putting from us faithleſs fear;
Let us find in thee relief
For our sinfulneſs and grief;
To thy presence we will haste,
And thy plenteous comfort taste.

Grant that our offences be
Wholly blotted out in thee;
Wash us through the precious flood
Of thine ever cleansing blood:
From our inmost heart's receſs
Pluck each root of bitterneſs.

Pour upon our blinded sight
Streams of heaven's all quickening light;
Fill our souls with rays divine,
Rays that from thy glory shine:
Keep us, lest again we stray
From the everlasting way. Amen.

HYMN
LXXII.

SWEET the moments, rich in bleſsing,
Which before the croſs we spend;
Pardon, health, and joy poſſeſsing
Through the sinner's dying friend.

Kneel we now, in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Gazing here we'll spend our breath;
In his righteousneſs confiding,
Life deriving from his death.

Lord, in steadfast contemplation
Fix us, in our griefs, on thine;
Till we taste thy whole salvation,
Where unvailed thy glories shine.

For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains which wrought our peace:
Gracious Saviour, we implore thee,
In our hearts thy love increase.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the bleſsed Three in One,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
LXXIII.

WHEN I survey the wondrous croſs
On which the King of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

O may I know none other boast
Than Christ and his atoning blood;
The vain delights that charm me most,
I plunge beneath that saving flood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Blest Lord, by whom alone I live,
May I to thee all perfectly
Myself, my soul and body, give,
And sinful paſsions crucify.

All praise and honour, as is meet,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete;
One God while endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
LXXIV.

LET us now, our anthem raising,
Sing the croſs in mournful strain;
Telling of the woe amazing
And the agonising pain,
Which the Saviour, man's redeemer,
Suffered once, for sinners slain.

He, the cruel scourge enduring
Ransom for the lost to pay,
By his stripes the fallen curing,
Raising them which stricken lay,
Bore our sins in his own body,
Took our griefs and guilt away.

When his work of love was ended,
From that fount, his wounded side,
Blood and water straight descended,
Each a sacramental tide;
With eternal life o'erflowing,
With all cleansing power supplied.

Jesus, we, the faith confeſsing,
Praise thy Name with one accord;
May we, now thy grace poſseſsing,
And at last our high reward,
Evermore with thanks extol thee,
Thee our true and only Lord. Amen.

HYMN
LXXV.

HARK, the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary :
See, the rocks are rent asunder ;
Darkneſs vails the midday sky :
It is finished,
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

Oh ! what joy to helpleſs sinners
These triumphant words afford ;
Heavenly bleſsings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
It is finished :
We his dying words record.

All the types and shadows ended
Of the ceremonial law ;
Man's redemption now completed,
Death and hell no more shall awe :
It is finished :
Let us hence our comfort draw.

Tune your harps, ye quires of angels,
Join his mercy to proclaim ;
All in earth and all in heaven
Praise our blest redeemer's Name :
It is finished :
Glory to the spotleſs Lamb. Amen.

HYMN
LXXVI.

YOU that like heedleſs strangers paſs along,
As if nought here concerned you to day,
Draw nigh, and hear the saddest paſsion song
That ever you did meet with in your way:
So sad a story ne'er was told before,
Nor shall there be the like for evermore.

The greatest king that ever wore a crown,
More than the basest vaſsal was abused;
The truest lover that was ever known,
By them he loved was most unkindly used:
And he that lived from all transgreſsions clear,
Was plagued for all the sins that ever were.

Oh! could we but the thousandth part relate
Of those afflictions which they made him bear,
Our hearts with sorrow would diſsolve thereat,
And we should sit and weep for ever here;
Nor should we glad again hereafter be,
But that we hope in glory him to see.

For while upon the croſs he suffering hung,
And was with sore tormentings also grieved,
Far more than can be told by angels' tongue,
Or in the heart of cherubin conceived,
They for whose sakes he underwent such pain,
Rejoiced thereat, and held him in disdain.

One offered to him vinegar and gall;
A second did his pious trust deride;
To dicing for his robe did others fall,
And many mocked him, when to God he cried:
Yet he, as they his pain still more procured,
Still loved, and for their good the more endured.

But though his matchleſs love immortal were,
It was a mortal body he had on,
That could no more than mortal bodies bear,
Their malice therefore did prevail thereon;
And lo, their utmost fury having tried,
The spotleſs one gave up the ghost and died.

Whose death though cruel unrelenting man
Could view without bewailing or affright;
The sun grew dark, the earth to quake began,
The temple vail did rend asunder quite;
The hardest rocks therewith in pieces brake,
And graves did open and the dead awake.

Oh! therefore let us all that present be,
This innocent with moved souls embrace;
For this was our redeemer; this was he
Who to the cruel smiters gave his face:
He whom the stiffnecked Jews and Pilate slew,
Is he alone of whom all this is true.

Our sins of spite were part of those that day,
Whose chastening stripes and thorns did make
him smart;
Our lusts were those that tired him in the way,
Our want of love was that which pierced his
heart:
And still, when we forget or slight his Name,
Again we put him to an open shame.

Blest Lord, who hast alone the winepreſs trod,
Baptized with baptism of grief and pain;
The righteous man, the very Son of God,
Who didst the chalice of our sorrows drain;
As thou hast on the tree for sinners died,
Let sin in us be throughly mortified.
Amen.

HYMN

LXXVII.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Could my tears for ever flow,
And my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy croſs I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I hear the midnight cry,
Telling that the judge is nigh,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Amen.

HYMN
LXXVIII.

LORD, with thee till life shall end
I will solemn vigil spend;
For thee I will hew a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine;
Where, in pure, embalmed cell,
None but thou may ever dwell.

I will myrrh and spices take,
Grateful offering to thee make;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
Inmost thought from guile refrain;
And in patient watch remain:

Waiting till the morning's birth
Gladden this bedarkened earth;
Till the far spent night of gloom,
Sprung from sin's all righteous doom,
Paſs for evermore away,
Giving place to endleſs day. Amen.

HYMN
LXXIX.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

NOW Sion's courts with praise shall ring,
While thousand thousand voices sing
The triumph of the Saviour king:
Christ is risen.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

In this most holy paschal tide
Let all who in her gates abide
With thanks extol the crucified:
Christ is risen.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

O let our blest redeemer Lord,
All wondrously from death restored,
Be joyfully in song adored:
Christ is risen.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Before him let the ransomed meet,
With gladsome hearts, in concord sweet,
And high their festal hymn repeat:
Christ is risen.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

HYMN

LXXX.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the croſs Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loſs. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly king; Alleluia!
Who endured the croſs and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

He has bruised the serpent's head, Alleluia!
Powers of darkneſs captive led; Alleluia!
Now his mighty conflict o'er, Alleluia!
He shall live for evermore. Alleluia!

Kings to him in prayer shall bend, Alleluia!
Daily shall his praise ascend; Alleluia!
While the heavenly quires proclaim Alleluia!
Bleſsing to his glorious Name. Alleluia!

Amen.

HYMN

LXXXI.

WE now with one accord,
The temple courts attending,
Adore the risen Lord,
On his blest Name depending:
With all sufficient grace
The faithful he will feed;
On him our trust we place
In every time of need.

Each earthly friend may fail,
But Christ is sure for ever,
And nought shall e'er prevail
From him our hope to sever;
Not all that men conceive,
Of pleasure, or of harm,
Shall move our souls to leave
His everlasting arm.

Our heart exultant springs,
No more in grief complaining;
For Jesus comfort brings,
Affliction's might restraining:
His presence cheers our eyes,
We stay upon his love,
And seek the bliſs that lies
Stored up in realms above. Amen.

HYMN
LXXXII.

AWAKE, my soul, awake, awake;
Thy Lord has risen long:
Haste to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful chord and song.

Where spring awakens all around,
Where vernal voices sing,
The first bright bloſsom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled,
This resurrection day;
Henceforth, in Christ, are no more dead,
The grave has no more prey.

In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise:
And all the tears death made us weep,
He wipes from off our eyes.

Then wake, my soul, awake, awake,
And seek thy risen Lord;
Joy in his resurrection take,
According to his word. Amen.

HYMN
LXXXIII.

LOVE'S redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er;
He shall set in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious king:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, the lost to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

What though once we perished all,
Doomed in our first parents' fall;
Second birth we all receive,
In the heavenly Adam live:

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below;
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God:

Hid till Christ our life appear
Glorious in his members here:
Made like him, we then shall shine
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee in both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the resurrection thou. Amen.

HYMN
LXXXIV.

HE is risen, he is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He has burst his three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds of darkneſs done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping—
Brightly shines their easter sun;
Christ can wash all sin away,
He has vanquished hell to day.

Come, ye sad and fearful hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All his shame is over now,
And the paſsion that he bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy gladneſs
Chant our Lord's triumphal lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadneſs
Dims yon glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east:
Brighter far our easter feast.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the bleſsed Three in One;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endleſs ages run:
Let the Lamb, to life restored,
Be for evermore adored. Amen.

HYMN
LXXXV.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladneſs;
God has brought his Israel
Into joy from sadneſs:
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to day;
Christ has burst his prison;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, has risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour.
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render :
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with pure affection
Welcomes in exulting strains
Jesus' resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal :
But to day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace, which evermore
Paſses human knowing. Amen.

HYMN

LXXXVI.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious king
Who has washed us in the tide
Flowing from his wounded side:
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his precious blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast;
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's ransomed armies go
Through the wave that drowns the foe:
Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Risen now no more to die,
Hell's dread powers beneath him lie;
He has conquered in the fight;
He has brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal;
Now no more the grave enthral:
Christ has opened paradise,
And in him his saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, easter joy —
Sin alone can this destroy;
Lord, from power of sin set free
Souls regenerate in thee:
Hymns of glory, hymns of praise
Evermore to thee we raise,
Father, and coequal Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

HYMN
LXXXVII.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us:
Jesus lives! full well we know,
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal:
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives. for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Our whole selves in service giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well,
Nought us from his love shall sever:
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! thanksgiving be
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Holy, blessed, glorious Three,
One in everlasting merit.
Alleluia! Amen.

HYMN
LXXXVIII.

BLEST Lord, who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bid the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side;

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe
To own thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkneſs draw
A greater faith's reward.

And while the heavenly narrative
Of unbelief we hear,
Vouchsafe us, Lord, ourselves to give
To self distrusting fear.

Thy gracious promises may we
With confidence receive:
Let ours their joy and bleſsing be,
Who see not, yet believe.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
LXXXIX.

ETERNAL Father, God most high,
We own thy power to save,
The power that brought thy Holy One
Victorious from the grave.

From paradise his soul returned,
When he had surely healed
Sin's deadly breach, and peace with thee
For us had firmly sealed.

Let thy blest Spirit rule our heart,
And guide our inmost will;
So shall we the engrafted word
With fervent love fulfil.

Up to perfection's sacred height
Enable us to rise,
Till all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Trinity,
All glory, as of old, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

XC.

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock;
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the verdant pastures grow.

Give us grace that we may be
Alway glad to follow thee,
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear thy loving voice.

When thy sheep in darkneſs stray
From the new and living way,
Seek them out from error's hold,
And restore them to the fold.

Bleſsing, honour, glory, praise,
Be, as in the ancient days,
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, ever one. Amen.

HYMN

XCI.

AS chief among ten thousand see
The prince who set his Israel free:
A vesture dipped in blood he wears,
His brow a golden chaplet bears.

As lily of the valleys flower,
As rose in Sharon's dewy bower,
Is he whom Salem's people bleſs,
Bright form of perfect lovelineſs.

His words like Gilead's balm diſtil,
And all the ſoul with gladneſs fill:
His robes of fragrant caſsia ſmell,
And aloes' ſcent his preſence tell.

As trees of myrrh and frankincenſe
The perfume of their fruits diſpenſe,
Rich odours round his glory riſe,
The ſaints' accepted ſacrifice.

Lord Jeſus, grant thy loved ones grace
The beauty of thy life to trace;
And evermore the joys to know
That from thy croſs and paſsion flow.

Sing, Alleluia, praiſe the Lord,
One God in heaven of heavens adored;
All praiſe be, as is ever meet,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete. Amen.

HYMN

XCII.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There-everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dreſsed in living green:
So Canaan to Israel stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Grant, Lord, that we may mount above
The mists that round us rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes.

With joy will we from Pisgah height
Our promised rest explore:
The flood shall not our souls affright;
For thou hast paſsed before.

All praise and glory, as is meet,
Be to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

HYMN
XCIII.

THE winds of heaven have changed their note,
Now softly o'er the plain they float;
The frost is past, the rain is gone,
The gladdening tide of spring comes on.

Again the lofty groves rejoice,
Reechoing the turtle's voice;
They shout for joy, and sweetly sing
Full praise to earth's all gracious king.

The vales anew green herb provide,
Fresh pastures clothe the mountain side;
While primrosed woods, in bright array,
The handy work of God display.

The daisy mead and cowslip field
To youthful hearts rich pleasure yield;
The blue bell and the violet tell
Of him whose love made all things well.

Good Lord, by thy renewing breath
Revive our souls from winter death;
The garden of our spirit dreſs
With fragrant flowers of holineſs.

To him in whom we ever live
Let heaven and earth all glory give;
Let all that breathe the praise repeat
Of Father, Son, and Paraclete. Amen.

HYMN
XCIV.

LIFT up the everlasting gates,
Ye chiefs of princely name;
The Lord and King of glory waits,
Enrobed in human frame:
So to the upper seats they cry,
The humbler legions of the sky.

For Adam, by the serpent's guile
Deceived, misled, o'erthrown,
He left his glorious home awhile,
He left the Father's throne:
Now man is decked anew with grace,
He seeks again the heavenly place.

The earth glad festal keeps to day,
Glad festal heaven is keeping:
The ascension pomp, in bright array,
Goes fairly skyward sweeping:
The Lord the mighty deed has done,
And joined the severed into one. Amen.

HYMN

XCV.

TO day triumphal praises wait
On our exalted king;
To him within the temple gate
Ten thousand voices sing.

Now to his glory we record,
Who are but dust and clay,
What honour he did us afford
On his ascending day.

The human nature, which of late
Below the angels' lay,
Raised far above that meaner state,
Does greater grace display.

Lo, at man's feet all creatures bow,
Which in the wide world be;
Enthroned with God the Father now
The Son of man we see.

Our lord and brother, who has on
Such flesh as this we wear,
To realm of heavenly bliſs has gone,
Eternal might to share.

He who the path of sorrow tried,
And cup of suffering drained,
The Nazarene, the crucified,
Has endleſs bleſsing gained.

To him, by whose prevailing might
The gates of death were riven;
Who brought immortal life to light,
All power and wealth are given.

To David's rod, and David's stem,
And Sion's chosen song,
The keys of new Jerusalem
For evermore belong.

His kingdom shall triumphantly
From sea to sea extend:
The glory of his sovereignty
Shall last when years shall end.

Amen.

HYMN
XCVI.

HAIL the day that sees him go Alleluia!
To his throne from earth below; Alleluia!
Christ, awhile to suffering given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates: Alleluia!
He who vanquished hell and sin, Alleluia!
King of glory, would come in. Alleluia!

But ere heaven the Lord receives, Alleluia!
Ere the ransomed earth he leaves, Alleluia!
Now returning to his throne, Alleluia!
Mindful ever of his own; Alleluia!

See, he lifts those hands to bleſs, Alleluia!
Whose deep prints his love expreſs: Alleluia!
Graciously his lips bestow Alleluia!
Bleſsing on the church below. Alleluia!

Jesus, parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above yon azure height, Alleluia!
Grant we may in heart ascend, Alleluia!
And for aye on thee attend. Alleluia!

Glory, praise, and honour be, Alleluia!
Now and everlastingly, Alleluia!
To the Father, and the Son, Alleluia!
And the Spirit, Three in One. Alleluia! Amen.

HYMN
XCVII.

LORD Jesus, parted from thy servants' sight,
Exalted now to heaven's all glorious height,
With bands of love our drooping hearts uplift
To him who gives each good and perfect gift.

Together met within the hallowed place,
Thy bleſsed steps from Salem's gate we trace;
We watch thee leading out thy chosen band,
With them on Olivet we see thee stand.

Ascended Saviour, up to heaven we gaze;
To thee our song of adoration raise:
And, mindful of thine angels' word, reply,
Come quickly, Lord, thine own to glorify.

Thanksgiving to the Lamb that once was slain,
By whom we flee death's everlasting pain;
To sin he died; he rose in victory,
An earnest of our immortality.

Become the firstfruits of the saints which slept,
Of them that in his Name true witneſs kept,
On God's right hand he sits, in might arrayed,
Until his foes beneath his feet be laid:

Until the kingdoms of this world confeſs
The Lord of life, and truth, and righteousneſs;
And hell, with death, the final enemy,
Be cast into the lake eternally. Amen.

HYMN
XCVIII.

THE everlasting hills declare
The great and glorious Name,
That was, and is, and still shall be,
For evermore the same.

The righteousneſs of heaven's high king
Is like the mountains strong:
Firm as the rock his truth shall stand,
His children's endleſs song.

On Ararat, in olden time,
The church a refuge found,
While yet the watery wilderneſs
Spread desolation round.

The ancient snows of Lebanon
The rock of ages speak;
His mercy and his love distil
From Hermon's dewy peak.

At Horeb the invisible
His majesty revealed;
In burning bush his promises
In Abraham he sealed.

On Sinai the mighty God
In thunder cloud appeared;
Thick blackneſs of his presence told,
And Israel's armies feared.

The prophet, by the Spirit moved,
From Peor Jacob bleſsed;
The unjust of the just one spake,
And Christ the Lord confeſsed.

From Ebal and Gerizim pealed
O'er Sychar's hallowed vale,
Or curse, or bleſsing, shadowed forth
In words that ne'er shall fail.

On Carmel stood the seer of God,
In might of faith arrayed;
At time of evening sacrifice
The Lord his power displayed.

From some fair knoll in Palestine
Sweet sounds of grace were heard
From him who spake as never man,
The uncreated Word.

On stilly height the sorrowful
In silent prayer was seen:
The fashion of his face was changed,
And shone in dazzling mien.

At Calvary, without the gate,
By wicked hands was slain
He whose atoning power and love
Blot out transgreſsion's stain.

From Olivet the prince of life
Ascended up on high;
Thence parted from his people's sight,
But still in presence nigh.

To Sion's mount the Lamb shall come,
And with him his redeemed;
All they who far above all price
Salvation's price esteemed. Amen.

HYMN

XCIX.

HOLY SPIRIT, on us rest,
Of the soul most welcome guest,
Presence calm in feverish day,
In all toil refreshment sweet,
Cooling breath in noontide heat,
Remedy of man's decay.

Light eternal, light divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If in grief thou turn away,
Nothing pure in man can stay,
All is changed again to ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryneſs pour thy dew;
Comfort shed in sorrow's hour;
Bend our stubborn, froward will;
All our sinful paſsions still;
Bring us subject to thy power.

To each true and faithful heart,
Lord, thy sevenfold gift impart,
That thine own in thee may live:
Give the meed thy grace has won,
Crown the work thyself hast done,
Everlasting gladneſs give. Amen.

HYMN

C.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gift impart.

Thy bleſsed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulneſs of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace:
Keep far the foe, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but one:
That through the ages all along,
This still may be our endleſs song;

Praise to thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

HYMN

CI.

FOR ever faithful in thy word,
And true in all thy ways,
Art thou, O Jesus Christ our Lord,
The saints' exceeding praise.

Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Thy chosen thou didst tell
Of gifts that should their need supply,
And stem the powers of hell:

How for their service they should be
Enlightened from above:
As thou, when first upon thee came
The holy mystick dove.

By this these men that simple were,
And feeble till that hour,
Did in the world thy truth declare
With wondrous love and power.

O Comforter, with Christ the Son
Throughout the church confest,
In glory with the Father one,
Thy Name, this day, be blest.

Thy sevenfold purifying fire,
Poured forth from realms above,
Consume in us each vain desire,
And fill our breasts with love.

To us a dovelike meekneſs send;
So we shall gentle be;
And on bright silver wings ascend,
Our Saviour Christ to see.

All praise and honour, as is meet,
Be to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

HYMN

CII.

OUR blest redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
Where he can find a faithful heart,
Wherein to rest.

His is the gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even
That checks each folly, calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we poſſeſs,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holineſs,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakneſs, pitying, see;
And let our hearts thy dwelling place
For ever be.

All glory to the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, be;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

HYMN
CIII.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, bleſsed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore thee,
Standing with the harps of God upon the glaſsy sea:
Cherubin and seraphin lift their song before thee,
Which art, and wast, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy, who shall not revere thee?
Who shall not exalt and praise thy glorious majesty?
Thou alone art holy; all shall bleſs and fear thee,
Perfect in power, and love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works are marvellous in earth, and sky, and sea:
True are all thy ways, most merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, bleſsed Trinity. Amen.

HYMN

CIV.

NEAR the Lord in glory seated
Stood the winged seraphim:
In his temple they repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulneſs stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

Heaven is with this anthem ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry;
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, Lord God most high.

With the seraphim before him,
With the ransomed church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulneſs stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord. Amen.

HYMN

CV.

O FATHER, all creating Lord,
Be thou by every tongue implored,
By every heart be thou adored.

O Christ, for man's redemption slain,
Let each repentant sinner gain
Forgiveneſs through thy croſs and pain.

O Comforter, whose love and care
The just for heavenly bliſs prepare,
May we thy unction ever share.

All glory and dominion be
Through endleſs ages, Lord, to thee,
Blest Trinity in Unity. Amen.

HYMN

CVI.

FATHER, of heaven, all nature upholding,
Ruling the worlds by the word of thy might,
Ever thy children in pity enfolding,
Cast on thy church the bright beams of thy light.

Son of the Highest, the perfect oblation
Made for our sins upon Calvary's tree,
Rising again for our justification,
Keep whom the Father has given to thee.

Spirit of wisdom, in unity blending
All who are chosen salvation to share,
Still in thy beauty on Sion descending,
Daily each heart as thy temple prepare.

God in three persons, in splendour abounding,
Dwelling in regions of infinite day,
Ages on ages, thy presence surrounding,
Tribute of glory the ransomed shall pay.

Amen.

HYMN

CVII.

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to thee;
Yet this may we through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesus, set on God's right hand,
With thine eternal father plead
For all thy loyal hearted band,
Who still on earth thy succour need:
For us in weakneſs strength provide,
Lest from the way our footsteps slide.

O Holy Spirit, fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
So we shall thee for evermore,
With Father and with Son, adore. Amen.

HYMN

CVIII.

GOD, whose almighty word,
In the beginning heard,
Put gloom to flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Christ, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and might;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Shine, and on all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Lifegiving, holy dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light. Amen.

HYMN

CIX.

HOW blest are they who gladly hear
Sweet wisdom's heavenly voice;
Who her celestial doctrine make
Their early, constant choice.

For she has riches greater far
Than east or west unfold:
More precious are her high rewards
Than stores of finest gold.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of pleasantneſs,
And all her paths are peace.

All praise to God the Father be,
And Christ the Lord that died,
And to the Holy Ghost, by whom
Our hearts are sanctified. Amen.

HYMN
CX.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He whose word shall ne'er be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the rock of ages founded,
Who can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Thine the clear and living waters,
Springing from the throne above:
Thither speed thy sons and daughters,
There to slake all thirst in love.

Streams from that o'erflowing river
Well their burning heat aſsuage;
Streams, which, like the eternal giver,
Never fail from age to age.

Christ's great love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And, as priests, with holy praises,
Each the pure oblation brings.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the bleſsed Three in One,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN

CXI.

WHAT word so full of melody,
So rich in strains of holy cheer,
So deep in sacred harmony,
As Jesus, name to saints most dear?

With pardon draw thou near, good Lord,
When grief for sin afflicts the soul;
The penitential tear regard,
And make the broken spirit whole.

Thou art the fount of clemency,
The spring of mercy's healing might;
The Lord of grace and charity,
The giver of all true delight.

When thou dost on the heart arise,
And o'er it shed thy beams divine,
The world's deceitful glitter dies,
And heavenly glories round us shine.

Where'er our lot on earth be cast,
Be thou, blest Saviour, at our side:
Thy presence grant to us at last;
And with us through the grave abide.

All praise and honour, as is meet,
To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O holy Paraclete;
One God while endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN

CXII.

LORD Jesus, since the faith of thee
With comfort fills the troubled breast,
How great the bliſs thy face to see,
And alway in thy presence rest!

Thy grace is surely paſsing sweet,
In goodneſs far exceeding thought;
With joy unspeakable replete,
With everlasting pleasures fraught.

Be thou our never fading ray,
Pour down thy stream of heavenly light;
Our soul's disquiet chase away,
Dispel the heavineſs of night.

Let now thy faithful servants know
The power of thine abundant love;
To thine elect in mercy shew
Some token of the peace above.

Teach us, that we may thee confeſs;
And perfectly our heart prepare;
Till in the home of bleſsedneſs
We thine eternal glory share. Amen.

HYMN

CXIII.

JESUS, the joy of loving hearts,
The source of life, the light of men,
From all the bliſs that earth imparts
We turn unfill'd to thee again.

Thy promises have firmly stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call:
To them which seek thee ever good,
When found thou art their all in all.

We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feed upon thee still:
We drink of thee, the fountain head,
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

We yearn, O bleſsed Lord, for thee,
Upon thee all our care is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when by faith we hold thee fast.

All power and glory, as is meet,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete;
One God while endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
CXIV.

SEE, from Sion's hallowed mountain
Healing waters largely flow;
God has opened wide a fountain
To refresh the plain below.

Through the world, in channels streaming,
Heavenly mercy finds its way;
With celestial brightneſs beaming,
Sparkling in the sunny ray.

Gladdened by the crystal treasure,
Which no drought of summer knows,
Pilgrims sing with holy pleasure,
Deserts bloſsom as the rose.

Fruitful trees, the banks adorning,
Yield delight for all around:
They who taste shall cease from mourning;
Lasting joys for them abound.

We, our alleluias raising,
God's redeeming grace declare;
In our Saviour ever praising
His all wondrous love and care.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the bleſsed Three in One,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN

CXV.

THERE is a stream whose waters flow
As crystal pure and clear;
Its floods are floods of righteousneſs,
The fainting soul to cheer.

On Sion's hill its fount is seen,
And Salem's people tell
The gladneſs of the heart of them
That by its springings dwell.

Where through the thirsty plain it flows
Sweet flowers and fruits are found:
Beside it, decked in living green,
Large pasture meads abound.

Its margins fair the weary herd
With exultation gain:
And none who there refreshment seek,
Refreshment seek in vain.

The river of our God shall still
In breadth and depth increase,
Till all the earth from barren land
Its gracious tide release.

All glory to the Three in One,
The One in Trinity,
As in the ages past, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
CXVI.

BEHOLD the vineyard of the Lord
On Sion's hallowed side;
How beautiful its lines appear,
How firm its stakes abide.

The vine that out of Egypt came,
A tender budding shoot,
Enriched by God's almighty hand,
Has downward taken root.

Luxuriantly its branches spread,
Afar its boughs extend;
Each rod and stem beneath the weight
Of clustered glory bend.

What though dread blight, or cutting frost,
Some time the bloom aſsail,
Its goodlineſs shall ne'er decay;
The vintage shall not fail.

The rays of heaven with fervent heat
Shall pour down grace divine:
Its sun, the Sun of righteousneſs,
With sevenfold might shall shine.

Its fruit shall glad the mourner's heart,
Its wine shall comfort give;
Both Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Shall drink of it, and live.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Trinity,
All glory, as of old, be now,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
CXVII.

WHEN, Lord, we humbly stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy croſs,
In love of thee, and fear of self,
May we esteem the world as loſs.

When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And rugged way that thou didst tread,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on thy head.

Most bleſsed Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

Give us an ever living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

All bleſsing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
One God while endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
CXVIII.

THOU city of Jerusalem,
Enthroned once gloriously,
The favoured home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought in bondage with thy sons,
A shame and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed king,
Then had the tribes of all the earth
Gone up thy wealth to see,
And glory dwelt within thy walls,
And all thy sons been free.

Why weepest thou, a still small voice
Replied in mournful lay,
And fear'st not rather lest thyself
May'st prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee:
But woe to every barren graft
Of thy wild olive tree.

My day of grace is sunk in night;
  My robe of glory rent;
For heavy was my children's crime,
  And strange their punishment:
Yet gaze not idly on my fall,
  But, Gentile, warned be;
Who spared not his own chosen seed,
  May send his wrath on thee.

My day of grace is sunk in night,
  Thy noon is in its prime;
O turn, and seek the Saviour's face
  In this accepted time:
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
  A leſson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
  Thy place for ever be. Amen.

HYMN

CXIX.

ALIKE, dear Lord, in weal and woe
The faithful follow thee;
They tread the path that thou dost go,
Whate'er the path may be.

A fervent love and holy zeal
O'er all their doings shine;
From morn till eve their works reveal
That they are truly thine.

Like thee, their pattern, guide, and lord,
The tempter's snares they foil;
With might they wield the Spirit's sword,
And powers of ill recoil.

And when, in tribulation's day,
Their steps through sorrow run,
They look to thee, and meekly say,
Thy will, O God, be done.

Aſsisted by thy grace, may we
Maintain our daily strife;
With patience ever following thee,
The way, the truth, the life.

All power and glory, as is meet,
Be to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

HYMN

CXX.

WHATE'ER, my God, of earthly bliſs
Thy holy will denies,
Before the throne of grace let this
My humble prayer arise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The bleſsing of thy peace impart,
And keep me close by thee.

The confidence that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence o'er my pathway shine,
And crown my journey's end.

All praise be to thy glorious Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN
CXXI.

BLEST Lord, before the world began
Ordained a sacrifice for man;
Through the eternal Spirit made
A spotleſs offering in our stead;
The true Melchisedec art thou,
In heaven our interceſsor now.

Thy years, O Christ, shall never fail,
Nor thy blest work within the vail:
Thy sacrifice is alway new,
Of ancient types the substance true;
Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain;
Thy priesthood shall unchanged remain.

Grant that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love;
The evidence of things not seen,
That shall be, are, and that have been;
And ever view thee on the croſs,
The priest and victim for our loſs.

All glory, praise, and honour be,
As in the ages past, to thee,
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One,
The Unity in Trinity,
Both now and everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

CXXII.

WHERE dwells the glorious king
Whom Sion's children bleſs,
Who did for us redemption bring
And righteousneſs?
Above the heavenly height
His kingdom he maintains;
There, girt with everlasting might,
Our Saviour reigns.

Before him prostrate fall
The holy angel host;
In him, the sovereign Lord of all,
Dominions boast:
And saints whose feet have trod
This sin polluted earth,
Throughout the paradise of God
Declare his worth.

May we before the throne
In adoration stand,
And tell the wonders he has done
With his right hand;
Among the ransomed throng
His grace may we proclaim,
And laud in glad triumphant song
His peerleſs Name. Amen.

HYMN

CXXIII.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A merciful high priest now pleads,
Our blest redeemer intercedes.

Who once for us as surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
He, living evermore, above
Pursues his mighty work of love.

The same that suffered here below
Feels sympathy with human woe;
And still remembers, throned on high,
His tears, his prayers, his agony.

In every pang that rends the heart
The man of sorrows had a part:
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the mourner sends relief.

With boldneſs then before the throne
Make we our sorrows ever known;
And supplicate for heavenly power
To help us in temptation's hour.

All glory, praise, and honour be,
As in the ages past, to thee,
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

HYMN
CXXIV.

I KNOW that my redeemer lives,
He lives who once was dead;
To me he precious comfort gives,
With joy he crowns my head.

He lives triumphant o'er the grave
At God's right hand on high,
Me to the uttermost to save,
To bleſs and glorify.

He lives to fill my breast with love,
With peace my heart to feed;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succour me in need.

He lives that I may also live,
And here his grace proclaim;
He lives that I may glory give
To his most holy Name.

All praise and honour, as is meet,
Through endleſs ages be
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
The undivided Three. Amen.

HYMN
CXXV.

JESUS, now exalted high
In the Father's majesty,
Who vouchsaf'st thyself to shew
To thy faithful saints below;
Foretaste of that blisful sight,
When, arrayed in glorious light,
Beaming with exceeding grace,
They shall see thee face to face;
Though this shadowing earthly shroud
Now my feeble vision cloud,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

Son of God, to thee I cry:
By the sacred mystery
Of thy sojourning on earth;
By thy pure and holy birth,
Offspring of the virgin's womb;
By the light through midnight gloom
Bursting on the shepherds' gaze;
By the angels' hymn of praise;
By the vision of thy star,
Leading sages from afar;
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

Man of sorrows, hear me cry:
By thy sweat and agony;
By thy guileleſs spirit fled
To the mansions of the dead;
By the wound whence iſsuing flowed
Stream of water and of blood;
By thy bleſsed body laid
In the rock's sepulchral shade,
Where man ne'er before reposed,
Straitly watched, securely closed;
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

King of glory, God most high,
Man ascended to the sky,
With thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform thy will:
So shall he, the Lord above,
Keep me with a father's love;
So shalt thou, my Saviour, come,
Make this willing heart thy home;
So shall he, the Comforter,
Joy unspeakable confer:
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me. Amen.

HYMN
CXXVI.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow
To Jesus as your head.

O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

The croſs that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn —

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure —

These are the costly jewels
Of true celestial worth;
These are the hallowed ladder
Set up to heaven from earth.

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

HYMN

CXXVII.

CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God
In the path the fathers trod:
Bleſsed now are they, and ye
Soon their bleſsedneſs shall see.

Strength shall yours be as your day
Through the rough and rugged way;
He who ne'er his word shall break
Will not leave you, nor forsake.

Glory, praise, and honour be,
Lord, for evermore to thee,
Father, and coequal Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

HYMN CXXVIII.

TRUE bread of life, in tender mercy given
The soul of man to strengthen and to feed,
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true bread from heaven,
Thy flesh is meat, thy blood is drink indeed.

We cannot famish, though the earth should fail,
Though life through all its fields should pine and die;
Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

O tree of life, of thee we eat and live;
Who take and eat of thee shall never die:
'Tis thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

Feeding on thee, all weakneſs turns to power;
The sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
Thy strength flows on and in each waiting hour;
We mount aloft as on the eagle's wing.

All thanks and praise to God, the Father, Son,
And Comforter, through endleſs ages, be,
The holy, ever bleſsed Three in One,
The uncreated One in Trinity. Amen.

HYMN
CXXIX.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his holy will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In bleſsings on your head.

Judge not the Lord; let feeble sight
To loving faith give way:
The brighter for the moonleſs night
Will shine the perfect day.

His purpose he in time will shew,
Unfolding it each hour;
The bud in form unloved may grow,
Yet lovely be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

All praise be to the glorious Three,
The one most holy Lord,
Whose Name for evermore shall be
In heaven and earth adored. Amen.

HYMN
CXXX.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep in tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Strong in Jesus, face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your captain's power?

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Lord of might and majesty,
Grant to us the mastery. Amen.

HYMN
CXXXI.

GRACIOUS words our Lord has spoken;
O my flock, my chosen few,
Now in heart and spirit broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

There in undisturbed poſſeſſion
Righteouſneſs and peace shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppreſſion,
Never share the mourner's pain.

I to living streams will lead you,
Streams that clear as crystal flow;
And in verdant pastures feed you,
Pastures that no dearth can know.

Fear, and dread, and desolation,
Shall no more perplex your ways:
Ye shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Gloom of night no more shall see;
Ye shall, all your darkneſs ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the bleſsed Three in One,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
CXXXII.

BY faith we, day by day,
Though powers of hell withstand,
To Salem's city urge our way,
A pilgrim band:
O may we onward preſs,
In heart and spirit true,
And through the howling wilderneſs
Our course pursue.

The better land we see,
With endleſs treasure blest;
A land from tribulation free,
And all unrest;
Where milk and honey flow,
Where crystal streams abound;
And where the vine and olive grow,
With glory crowned.

To God, in Jesus nigh,
We alleluias sing;
With angel quires we magnify
The Lord our king:
With all the heavenly host
A joyful hymn we raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Ascribing praise. Amen.

HYMN
CXXXIII.

TEACH us, our Lord and King,
In all things thee to see:
And what we do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

To heaven's eternal Three,
The high and lofty One,
All glory, praise, and honour be,
While endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN

CXXXIV.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have paſsed away,
The former earth and skies.

From heaven the holy city comes,
The bride of Christ the Lord;
All things are now by grace renewed,
And righteousneſs restored.

Angelick myriads shout for joy,
Triumphantly they sing;
Behold, ye ransomed saints, the seat
Of your descending king.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And sin, with its attendant train
Of death and pain, shall die.

Yet once I change the heavens and earth,
Says he whose word is true :
The ancient things have paſsed away,
And all things are made new.

I am the First, and I the Last,
Eternally the same :
I AM is my memorial still,
Mine everlasting Name.

Ho, ye that thirst, to you my love
Shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the crystal spring
Whence life for ever flows.

All bleſsing, honour, thanks, and praise,
From all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given. Amen.

HYMN

CXXXV.

THY church, O Lord, with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits:
When shall the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Sion's gates?

E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with gladneſs we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Thou surely wilt ere long appear;
The smitten earth already reels;
And not far off we seem to hear
The sounding of thy chariot wheels.

Teach us in watchfulneſs and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumph of thy day of power. Amen.

HYMN
CXXXVI.

HOW great the glories of the Lamb
Amidst the Father's throne!
To him be honour, thanks, and praise,
In song before unknown.

The elders worship at his feet,
The four the throne surround;
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

Who shall the heavenly record search,
And hidden things reveal?
The wellbeloved the record takes,
And opes each mystick seal.

All worthy is the Lamb, they sing,
To be exalted thus,
And take the volume of the book;
For he was slain for us.

Thou hast redeemed us with thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

To him which sits upon the throne,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Be glory evermore. Amen.

HYMN
CXXXVII.

BEHOLD, I come, and with me bring
My great and sure reward;
In majesty and light arrayed,
The everliving Lord.

I come, that all who me receive,
And on my word depend,
May at the marriage feast with joy
In raiment white attend.

Then shall the everlasting gates
Unfold, to entertain
The fair and beauteous company
Of my triumphal train.

The wall of new Jerusalem
Shall with hosannas ring,
While my redeemed and shining ones
In adoration sing.

Lord Jesus, help our unbelief,
And let our love abound;
That we at thy return may be
All true and faithful found:

That we may through eternity
Exalt thy saving might;
Made meet to share for evermore
The bliſs of saints in light.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

THY temple visit, Lord,
Thine Israel to bleſs;
By waiting saints be thou adored,
O Christ our righteousneſs.

Now whisper in our breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who on thy promise rest
Shall find thee ever near.

And bid us seek above
The mansions fair and new;
Where eye shall see, and heart shall love,
What faith has counted true.

Let us in peace depart
To that bright realm of joy;
Made evermore e'en as thou art,
All pure from sin's alloy.

From all the heavenly host,
And church redeemed from woe,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endleſs praises flow. Amen.

The Annunciation of the Bleſsed virgin Mary.

HYMN
CXXXIX.

WITH joy was heard the ancient seer,
While thus the wondrous promise ran,
A virgin shall conceive, and bear
A son, Emmanuel, God with man.

With joy we hear the angel bring
His answering meſsage from the sky,
Hail, virgin pure, from whom shall spring
A son, the Son of God most high.

Blest Lord, who didst not scorn below
As Son of man with man to dwell;
And us the Father's glory shew,
As Son of God, Emmanuel:

Now for our sakes incarnate made,
Thy perfect godhead here we own;
Or in a lowly form arrayed,
Or partner of the Father's throne.

We lift our hearts, O Lord, to thee,
And thine eternal Name adore,
The Three in One, the One in Three,
From this time forth for evermore. Amen.

HYMN

CXL.

NOW let the earth with songs rejoice,
And heaven return the festal voice;
Let heaven and earth to Jesus raise,
In his apostles, hymns of praise.

Thou, in whose Name they spread the light
Of sacred truth o'er heathen night,
Chiefs of the church for evermore,
Thy glorious beams around us pour.

Thou, at whose will, in earth and heaven,
To bind or loose to them was given,
Our chains unbind, our sins remove,
So we shall perfect freedom prove.

Thou, in whose might they spake the word
That wonders wrought, and health conferred,
To us its healing power prolong;
Restore the sick, confirm the strong.

What time thou make thy glory known,
And them as Israel's judges throne,
With all who thy dear Name confeſsed
Through word of theirs pronounce us blest.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One;
The Unity in Trinity,
All praise be everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

CXLI.

REDEEMER Lord,
In true accord
Evangelists proclaim
All saving health,
All lasting wealth,
In thy most righteous Name

Thy kingdom pure,
Which shall endure
For evermore, begins
In them that know
How here below
To mortify their sins.

And they that will
Thy word fulfil,
Still seeking holy bliſs,
Shall surely find
Their heart and mind
Reformed from things amiſs.

All glory be,
One God, to thee,
The Father, and the Son,
And Paraclete,
As aye is meet,
While endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
CXLII.

LET the church her anthem raise;
Wake the morn with gladneſs;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadneſs:
Blest the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal:
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on the immortal.

Strong in faith they met the flame
And the torture ever;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For they saw the promised land,
Decked in all its glory;
Where triumphant now they stand,
With the victor's story.

Up, and follow, Christian men,
Preſs through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then
Hail the joyful morrow:
Glory to the Father, Son,
And lifegiving Spirit;
To the bleſsed Three in One
Endleſs praise and merit. Amen.

HYMN

CXLIII.

THE midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise,
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all heaven's refulgent board
In one rich glory shone?
One moment — and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appals? —
Voice heard by him alone.

Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight:
But heaven's high magick bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
The insufferable light.

Ah! little dream our listleſs eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely preſs —
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bleſs,
Christ suffers in our strife.

O by those gentle tones and dear,
When thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controuls.

As to thy last apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never dying fire,
So teach us on thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher. Amen.

HYMN

CXLIV.

WHEN, Lord, this festal day returns,
All bright with summer bloom,
And on saint John's nativity
Points to his martyr tomb;

Be this its holy use, to make
The birthdays of each year,
Though dear for all their earthly joy,
As helps to heaven most dear.

The Baptist's pure and blameleſs life.
Severe from early youth;
His bold rebuke of haughty vice,
His patience for the truth;

His preparation of thy way,
His living for thy love;
His brief, but hard and toilsome course,
His early rest above;

Be these our birthday monitors,
Our souls for heaven to train;
To teach us how, to live is Christ,
And how, to die is gain.

Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
And thine the glory, Lord,
Blest Trinity in Unity,
In heaven and earth adored. Amen.

A Saint's day.

HYMN

CXLV.

GRANT us the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The bleſsedneſs and joy, O Lord,
Of them which died in thee.

They once were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, e'en like ourselves,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

They tracked the way that Jesus went,
The Comforter their guide;
And, following their incarnate God,
They now in peace abide.

Thanks be to our most glorious king
For his own pattern given,
And for the cloud of witneſses
Which mark the path to heaven. Amen.

HYMN

CXLVI.

ON thee, O better country,
Our eyes their vigil keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy bleſsed name, they weep.

O one abiding city,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
With emerald they blaze;
The sardius and topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thy foursquare wall is garnished
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabrick;
Thy corner stone is Christ.

The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The crucified thy praise;
To him their thanks and bleſsing
Thy ransomed people raise.

Upon the rock of ages
Is reared thy peaceful tower;
Thine are the crystal river
And tree of healing power.

All glory to the Father,
All glory to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

HYMN CXLVII.

JERUSALEM the heavenly,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice bleſsed are the people
Thou stor'st within thy walls.

Thine are the many mansions,
Where saints for ever sing;
The seats of God's own chosen,
And palace of the king.

The glorified redeemer,
Thy diadem and crown,
Shines o'er thee in his beauty
With light that ne'er goes down.

No foe thy gate approaches,
Thy peace no fears molest:
For evermore thy children
From strife and trouble rest.

Thy bells are sweetly ringing,
The joyful sounds descend:
With gladneſs they are telling
Of bliſs that knows no end.

All glory to the Father,
All glory to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

HYMN
CXLVIII.

SWEET place, sweet place alone!
The court of God most high;
The heaven of heaven's throne,
Of saints pure joy:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God with thee,
To see thy face?

The earth is but a tent
Pitched for a few brief days,
A short leased tenement,
Heaven's still my song, my praise:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy quire;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

There shall temptation cease,
My frailties there shall end;
There shall I rest in peace
In the arms of my best friend:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

Jerusalem on high
My hope and portion is;
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliſs:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

Thy wall, fair city, thine,
Is with rare stones inlaid;
With pearl thy portals shine,
Thy street with gold is spread:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night;
These wholly needleſs are;
The Lamb 's the city's light:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

There dwells my lord, my king,
Judged here unfit to live;
There countleſs angels sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

Ah! woe is me, that I
'Mid Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither speed my way:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face? Amen.

HYMN CXLIX.

HOW brightly shine these glorious saints!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the bliſsful seats
Of everlasting day?

These through great tribulation came
To realms of cloudleſs light;
In Christ's most precious blood they washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

Before the throne of God they stand,
Of his salvation tell,
His praise with all their powers declare,
And in his temple dwell.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every tongue to sing;
Continually the sacred courts
With alleluias ring.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To pastures green he'll lead them forth,
Where living streams appear:
And from their faces God himself
Shall wipe off every tear.

All bleſsing, honour, thanks, and praise,
From all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given. Amen.

A Saint's day.

HYMN

CL.

SAFE home, safe home in port:
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

The prize, the prize secure:
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bore all he could endure,
And bore not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who puts the victor garland on.

No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had failed,
How nearly had the foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But one came by with wounded side,
Who for his sheep as shepherd died.

To God, the Father, Son,
And holy Paraclete,
The bleſsed Three in One,
Above the mercyseat;
To him, the first, and with the last,
Be glory, as in ages past. Amen.

HYMN
CLI.

O GOD the Son eternal, thy dread might
Sent forth saint Michael and the host of heaven,
And from the realms of light
Cast down in burning fight
Satan's rebellious host, to darkneſs given.

Thine angels, Lord, we bleſs with thankful lays,
Dwelling with thee above yon depths of sky;
Who, 'mid thy glory's blaze,
The ceaseleſs anthem raise,
And gird thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewleſs wing
Has left for us so oft their mansion high
The mercies of their king
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But thee, the First and Last, we glorify;
Who, when thy world was sunk in death by sin,
Not with thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with thine own arm the battle win:

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the winepress; and alone,
All glorious in thy gore,
Didst light and life restore
To us who lay in darkness and undone.

With angels and archangels therefore we
To thy dear Name our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to thee,
Who art, and art to be,
And, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise.
Amen.

HYMN
CLII.

TO God be glory, while we tell
That Satan and his legions fell;
Cast out from heaven; o'ercome in fight
By Michael and his angels' might.

As lion greedy of his prey,
He ranges now the earth's highway;
Still seeking whom he may devour
By lying craft and subtil power.

Good Lord, thy holy angels send
With charge our weakneſs to befriend;
That they who ministered to thee
Our succour and defence may be.

To us vouchsafe a bleſsed part
In childlike lowlineſs of heart;
So shall our guardian always stand
Among the glorious angel band.

In heaven they joy, when one frail child
Of fallen man, astray, beguiled,
Repentant turns, with faltering pace,
To seek again his father's face.

The Lamb of God for sinners slain
Shall come with power and angel train;
Then shall the wicked severed be
From all the faithful company.

With cherubim and seraphim,
Who, Holy, holy, holy, hymn
Before the throne, and never rest,
We sing the Three, One ever blest. Amen.

HYMN

CLIII.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live;
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our hearty thanks we give.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from the Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy Name we bleſs,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holineſs,
And live and die in thee.

From all the heavenly host,
And church redeemed from woe,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endleſs praises flow. Amen.

HYMN

CLIV.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my sorrows have an end,
And I thy glory see?
When shall mine eyes thy jasper wall
And gates of pearl behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And street of shining gold?

Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there
Shall round my Saviour stand,
With all who in the faith depart,
One great and goodly band:
There all the righteous company
Who followed Christ the Lord,
Shall evermore in anthems high
His saving health record.

Faint not then, O my soul, at pain,
Nor feel at death dismay;
Let hope of heavenly Salem's peace
Thy grief and fear allay:
Rejoice, and with hosannas laud
Thy blest redeemer king;
To him who reigns on Sion's hill
In strains of gladneſs sing.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
And to the gracious Comforter,
Eternal Three in One:
To him above the heavens enthroned,
The Ancient of all days,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Be never ending praise. Amen.

HYMN

CLV.

JERUSALEM the holy,
The hope of God's elect,
The fair and peaceful vision
That loving hearts expect!
Beneath the contemplation
My spirit in me faints;
All vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Harmonious with the song
Of all the righteous nation,
Innumerable throng:
The prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The mansions of the blessed
Are decked with glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Thanksgiving to the Father,
Thanksgiving to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One:
To him above the heavens
Enthroned in majesty,
And to the Lamb all honour
Be everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

CLVI.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision fair of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilded,
Art the joy of courts above,
And, with angel legions circled,
As a bride to earth dost move!

Bright with pearl thy portals glitter,
Day and night they open wide;
And, by virtue of his merits,
Thither entering, there abide,
All who for the name of JESUS
In this world were crushed and tried.

Many a blow and dint most heavy
Well prepared those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly architect;
Who therewith has willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.

Glorious lie the twelve foundations;
Christ the head and corner stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one;
Holy Sion's crown of gladneſs,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
Full of thanks and praise, adoring,
Lifts the voice of melody;
God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Hymning everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN

CLVII.

WHO are these that palms are bearing,
These that on mount Sion stand?
Each a royal crown is wearing,
Who are all this wondrous band?
These that alleluias sing,
Praising loud the heavenly king?

These are they who long contended
In their blest redeemer's name;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Sin and death they overcame:
Bravely they the fight sustained,
Through the Lamb they triumph gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried;
Who in prayer have often striven
With the God they glorified:
Now all grief and sorrow past,
Evermore their joy shall last.

These are they who strength receiving
From the fount by grace supplied,
Turned from sin the unbelieving
To confeſs the crucified:
Round the throne as stars they shine,
Radiant with the light divine.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the bleſsed Three in One,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endleſs ages run:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Ever be thy Name adored. Amen.

HYMN
CLVIII.

BEFORE the throne a countleſs band
Of Sion's ransomed children stand;
Their brows are wreathed with chaplets bright,
As victors in the deadly fight.

Through tribulation's fire they came,
Beneath the croſs they met the flame:
And now from all their labours rest,
In Christ's eternal kingdom blest.

No pain of body feel they more,
Nor burden of the soul deplore:
All tears are wiped from every eye,
And hushed is sorrow's inmost sigh.

On harps of God they strike the chord,
And glorify the living Lord;
Who triumphed in the Egyptian sea,
And conquered death at Calvary.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One,
To thee, the first, and with the last,
Be glory, as in ages past. Amen.

HYMN

CLIX.

JESUS, who thy flock art feeding
With a shepherd's tender care;
Those in travail gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy mighty arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
They may lie secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey:
May thy watchfulneſs so loving
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink from endleſs streams of grace.

Amen.

HYMN

CLX.

RISE, Christian soldiers, rise;
Put heavenly armour on:
Take all the strength that God supplies
In his incarnate Son.

Resist the powers of night;
Confound their ill design;
Encompaſsed with the Spirit's might,
Engirt with truth divine.

Go forth against your foes
In beautiful array;
With boldneſs their aſsaults oppose
Throughout the evil day.

On Christ, the conqueror king,
Whose Name we glorify,
Whose praise the holy myriads sing,
Let all the host rely.

To heaven's eternal Three,
The high and lofty One,
Thanksgiving and dominion be,
While endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
CLXI.

THE shadow of the Almighty's cloud
Calm on the tents of Israel lay,
While drooping paused twelve banners proud,
Till he arise and lead the way.

Then to the desert breeze unrolled,
The waving pennons cheerly fly,
Lion or eagle—each bright fold
A load star to a warrior's eye.

Spirit of might and sweetneſs too,
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste thy people trod;

Draw, Holy Ghost, thy sevenfold vail
Between us and the fires of youth:
Breathe, Holy Ghost, thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do thou renew,
When beckoned up the awful quire
By pastoral hand, toward thee we drew.

For ever on our souls be traced
That bleſsing dear, that dovelike hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

We lift our hearts, O Lord, to thee,
And thine eternal Name adore,
The Three in One, the One in Three,
From this time forth for evermore. Amen.

HYMN

CLXII.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage bleſsing,
It has not paſsed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of bleſsed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake;
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth can break;

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierc'd side:

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst join two natures
In thine eternal bands:

Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bleſs them as they kneel;
As thou for Chriſt the bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
As onward to thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladneſs
With Christ's own bride they rise.

Amen.

HYMN

CLXIII.

NO more to sigh, no more to weep,
Departed saints in Jesus sleep;
A voice from heaven declares them blest,
They ever from their labours rest.

In paradise of God they meet
Around their dear redeemer's feet;
Awaiting there the trump that all
Before the judgment seat shall call.

May we, most gracious Lord, hold fast
Our heavenly hope while life shall last;
Like them may we the faith maintain,
And thine eternal kingdom gain.

To him in whom we ever live
Let heaven and earth all glory give;
Let all that breathe the praise repeat
Of Father, Son, and Paraclete. Amen.

HYMN

CLXIV.

SWEET is the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
What time the sun's retiring ray
Sheds lustre o'er the paſsing scene.

So is the saint's departing hour,
When peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, enkindling all her power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

A beam divine is sent to cheer
The heavenly pilgrim on his road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to the bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's good Spirit thus has blest;
And sink into the sweet repose
Of them which sleep on Jesus' breast?

That we may, Lord, in peace depart,
Thy joy to share, thy face to see;
Impreſs thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to live to thee.

All praise and honour, as is meet,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete;
One God while endleſs ages run. Amen.

HYMN
CLXV.

MOST gracious Lord, in all distreſs
A never failing aid,
In present depths of bitterneſs
On thee our hope is laid.

We know the wonders thou hast wrought
On earth in days of old;
How thy right hand deliverance brought,
And made the fearful bold.

Our fathers, when, by grief opprest,
To thee they humbly fled,
Were aye by thee with comfort blest,
And out of trouble led.

Their children at thy mercyseat
This day their sin confeſs;
And, prostrate at thy sacred feet,
They own thy righteousneſs.

All glory to thy holy Name,
One God in Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly. Amen.

In the time of dearth.

HYMN

CLXVI.

WHAT though the fig tree shall decay,
The vines all fruitleſs waste away,
The olive branch no fatneſs bear,
And vain appear the tiller's care;
Yet will we in the Lord rejoice,
And sing his love with thankful voice.

Though in the fold no sheep abound,
No oxen in the stalls be found;
Though dearth shall o'er green herb prevail,
And streams the water courses fail;
Yet will we in the Lord rejoice,
And sing his love with thankful voice.

Blest Father, who dost aye correct
In loving mercy thine elect,
The bruised reed who shalt not break,
Nor thine afflicted e'er forsake;
With Son and Holy Ghost, to thee
Thanksgiving, praise, and glory be. Amen.

HYMN

CLXVII.

ALL times, O Lord, thy mercy prove,
Thy gifts all living share;
The circling seasons, as they move,
Reveal thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodneſs marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's glad influence was thine;
The season knew thy call:
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dew to fall.

The hands unseen that work above
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

All praise and glory, as is meet,
Be to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

HYMN
CLXVIII.

PRAISE to God, unceasing praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Giver of our harvest joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
Thankfulneſs to thee we owe,
Whence unfailing mercies flow.

Clouds that drop down fattening dews,
Rays which fervent heat diffuse,
Balmy winds that softly pour
Fragrance from their hidden store;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

Fruitful trees, and graſsy fields,
All the wealth the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten far the plain,
Plenteous sheaves of golden grain;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

Gentleneſs, and love, and peace,
Fruits which evermore increase,
Flourishing abundantly
By the Spirit's energy;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise. Amen.

HYMN

CLXIX.

LORD of the harvest's ripened grain,
To thee we lift a festal strain
For crops safe gathered, sent to cheer
Thy people through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed time and by harvest tide.

The bare, dry grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the king of kings;
So, Lord, to them which sleep in thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of thy word we ask
A leſson from the reapers' task;
So shall thine angels iſsue forth;
The tares be burnt: the just of earth,
The sport of wind and storm no more,
Be gathered to their father's store.

And daily, Lord, our prayer be said,
As thou hast taught, for daily bread:
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need:
O bread from heaven, day by day,
Be thou our comfort, food, and stay.

Thanksgiving, praise, and honour be,
As in the ages past, to thee,
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One,
The Unity in Trinity,
Both now and everlastingly. Amen.

HYMN CLXX.

LET us now in glad accord
Praise the everlasting Lord;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He did Israel's children bleſs
In the wasteful wilderneſs;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living still he feeds,
With full hand supplies their needs;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He has spread our garner floor
With the precious harvest store;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise we him for heavenly meat,
With eternal life replete;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

Private use.

HYMN

CLXXI.

WHO, when beneath affliction's rod,
Can inward peace attain,
And bleſs the chastening love of God
In some familiar strain?

Who, when in pain he lies apart,
And powers of frame decay,
Can muse with holy joy of heart
On some remembered lay?

He can suffice for these good things,
Whose mind with Christ's is one;
Who closely in communion clings
To God's incarnate Son.

Blest Jesus, fount of endleſs might,
Let me this gift receive;
Thus, Lord, in sorrow's darkest night,
Thy servant's grief relieve.

Let songs of Sion, known of old
Within the hallowed place,
My spirit cheer, my faith uphold,
Through thine all strengthening grace.

Private use.

HYMN
CLXXII.

FROM the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the still small inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still;
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

Open, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my patient spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Nor where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and gentle is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the leſson of thy croſs;
Let me die, with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loſs,
So thee I may obtain.

Shew me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me whom thyself hast bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought
That does not stoop to thee.

Lord, my time is in thy hand;
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart:
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the strength is thine;
Thou art wisdom, power, and love,
And all thou art is mine.

Private use.

HYMN

CLXXIII.

CEASE, Christian, cease thine anxious fear,
Desponding thoughts withstand;
The Lord thy fainting soul will cheer,
And raise thy drooping hand.

Mark how with tender loving care
He guides our feeble minds;
How, whether joy or grief we share,
Some fitting work he finds.

He bids the merryhearted sing,
The sorrow stricken pray;
The glad their cheerful anthem bring,
The sad their plaintive lay.

He gives us hopes all woe to cure;
These hopes to heaven extend:
Who steadfast in the faith endure,
Their bliſs shall never end.

Private use.

HYMN
CLXXIV.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a croſs
That raises me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

As on a traveller,
The sun gone down,
Darkneſs comes over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my sufferings
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my griefs to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Private use.

HYMN

CLXXV.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah! why did I so late thee know,
Thee lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain?
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

In darkneſs willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Confirm my feet with steady pace,
To preſs still forward in the way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give me the mind that wrong disdains;
Give to my soul with filial fears
The love that seraphin constrains;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile; thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endleſs day.

Private use.

HYMN
CLXXVI.

BEHOLD, a stranger's at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The man of Nazareth, 'tis he
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands;
Oh matchleſs kindneſs! and he shews
This matchleſs kindneſs to his foes.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That hateful hellborn monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

Thou'rt blind; he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day:
Thou naked art; but he shall dreſs
Thy blushing soul in righteousneſs.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

All sovereign Lord, the Prince of Peace,
O may thy gentle reign increase:
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And let the Saviour welcome find.

Private use.

HYMN

CLXXVII.

THOUSANDS, O Lord my God, to day
Before thy presence meet;
With joy the faithful throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In high and holy lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in their midst to teach,
While they look up to thee;
And thou hast bleſsings, Lord, for each,
And bleſsings too for me.

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sion's joys impart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a vail between,
Thy glory now behold.

Private use.

HYMN

CLXXVIII.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career:
I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his croſs I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke:
My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain:
A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou may'st live.

Thus, while his blood my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too:
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

Private use.

HYMN
CLXXIX.

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen: so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet night by night I pitch my tent
A day's march nearer home.

My father's house on high,
Rest of my soul, how near!
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The gates of pearl appear.

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

But clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect dies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see celestial legions march,
A camp of fire around.

Private use.

HYMN
CLXXX.

COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy grace unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Private use.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God Man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies;
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self despair;
Speak to my heart, in bleſsing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if thy name be Love.

Thy name is Love: thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, never failing love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer has power with God: the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
By faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art;
Jesus, the fallen sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of righteousneſs on me
Has risen with healing in his wings;
All wither'd now my strength, from thee
My soul its life and nurture brings:
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Content, I halt upon my thigh,
Till life's short pilgrimage shall end;
All helpleſsneſs and weakneſs, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Private use.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
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REVELATION, v.

Bleſsing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.



